

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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The mighty spell that keeps their bloom unfaded,

Is the glad work of Song.

That Cretan Lady, on the beach forsaken  
By Athen's Lord, is still divinely fair;  
No leaflet from her rose of beauty shaken  
By wo and black despair.

Aspasia, with a brow by genius lighted,  
Flits by with that immortal child of song  
Who buried in the sea, by Phaon slighted,  
All memory of wrong.

Young Hero, rescued from the caves of Ocean,  
Walks with her own Leander by her side;

Well-won reward for faith and fond devotion,  
Alas! too rudely tried.

Forgetful of the Roman's mad caresses,  
Stalks grandly by old Egypt's wanton Queen,

With jewels flashing in her night-black tresses,  
Full bust, and royal mien.

With a strange lustre in her dark eye playing,  
Prophetic lip, clasped hands, and hair unbound—

In thought, Cassandra, back to Phrygia straying,  
Beholds her sire uncrowned:

And near, a radiant and majestic creature,  
Whose deadly charms the towers of Troy brought low,

Moves, with a winning grace in every feature,  
And mouth like Cupid's bow:

And higher natures, holy hearts enshrining,  
The noblest deeds by woman done recall,  
Pure as the morn on young Creation shining  
Before the primal fall.

Rose Standish,—fairer than a star new risen,  
Sweet, early martyr of our Western wild,—  
Leads by the hand, escaped from death's chill prison,  
Powhattan's dusky child.

And giving sign of more than mortal vigor,  
Awoke to breathing life from ashes pale,  
The Maid of France appears—a martial figure,  
In knighthood's glittering mail.

Realm of the vast Ideal! smiling ever  
Is thy unclouded arch of Iris dyes,  
And on thy hill-tops that are darkened never,  
Eternal sunshine lies.

The brows of thy inhabitants are wearing  
The seal of deep tranquillity and love;  
Unknown the falcon that on earth is tearing  
With bloody beak the dove.

Enamored birds are in thy garden singing,  
Where serpent never wound his glittering coil;

And Asphodel and Amaranth are springing  
From its celestial soil.

The toiling scholar is thrice blest who tarries  
For a brief season on that haunted shore;  
And back to shadowed earth his spirit carries  
A might unknown before.

### RESPONSE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D.,

To the following Toast, proposed at the entertainment given to the American Medical Association, by the Physicians of the City of New York, at Metropolitan Hall, on the 5th of May, 1853:—

TOAST.—"The union of Science and Literature—a happy marriage, the fruits of which are nowhere seen to better advantage than in our American *Holmes*."

I hold a letter in my hand—

A flattering letter, more's the pity—

By some contriving junto planned,

And signed *per order of Committee*:

It touches every tenderest spot,

My patriotic predilections;

My well-known—something—don't ask what;

My poor old songs, my kind affections.

They make a feast on Thursday next,

And hope to make the feasters merry;

They own they're something more perplexed

For poets than for port and sherry—

They want the men of—(word turn out);

Our friends will come with anxious faces

(To see our blankets off no doubt,

And trot us out and show our paces).

They hint that papers by the score

Are rather musty kind of rations:

They don't exactly mean a bore,

But only trying to the patience;

That such as—you know who I mean—  
Distinguished for their—what d'y'e call  
'em!

Should bring the dews of Hippocrene  
To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

—The same old story; that's the chaff  
To catch the birds that sing the ditties;  
Upon my soul, it makes me laugh  
To read these letters from Committees!  
There're all so loving and so fair—  
All for *your* sake such kind compunction—  
'Twould save your carriage half its wear  
To grease the wheels with such an unction!

Why, who am I, to lift me here  
And beg such learned folk to listen;  
To ask a smile, or coax a tear  
Beneath these stoic lids to glisten?  
—As well might some arterial thread  
Ask the whole frame to feel it gushing,  
While throbbing fierce from heel to head,  
The vast aortic tide was rushing.

As well some hair-like nerve might strain  
To set its special streamlet going,  
While through the myriad-channeled brain  
The burning flood of thought was flowing;  
Or trembling fibre strive to keep  
The springing haunches gathered shorter,  
While the scourged racer, leap on leap,  
Was stretching through the last hot quar-  
ter!

Ah me! you take the bud that came  
Self-sown in your poor garden's borders,  
And hand it to the stately dame  
That florists breed for, all she orders;  
She thanks you—it was kindly meant—  
(A pale affair, not worth the keeping,—)  
Good morning;—and your bud is sent  
To join the tea-leaves used for sweeping.

Not always so, kind hearts and true,—  
For such I know are round me beating—  
Is not the bud I offer you,—  
Fresh gathered for the hour of meeting—  
Pale though its outer leaves may be,  
Rose-red in all the inner petals,  
Where the warm life we cannot see—  
The life of love that gave it, settles!

We meet from regions far away  
Like rills from distant mountains stream-  
ing:  
The sun is on Francisco's bay,  
O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleaming:  
While summer skirts the still bayou  
With every leaf that makes it brighter,  
Monadnock sees the sky grow blue  
And clasps his crystal bracelet tighter.

Yet Nature bears the self-same heart  
Beneath her russet-mantled bosom,  
As where, with burning lips apart,  
She breathes, and white magnolias blossom:  
Ay! many a cheek is kindled here  
With morning's fire as richly laden  
As ever Sultan of Cachemire  
Kissed from a sun-enamelled maiden!

I give you *Home!* its crossing lines  
United in one golden suture,  
And showing every day that shines  
The present growing to the future,—  
A flag that bears a hundred stars,  
In one bright ring, with love for centre,  
Fenced round with white and crimson bars,  
No prowling treason dares to enter!

O, brothers, home may be a word  
To make affection's living treasure,  
The wave an angel might have stirred,  
A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure.  
*Home!* it is where the day-star springs,  
And where the evening sun reposes,  
Where'er the eagle spreads his wings,  
From northern pines to southern roses!

# A STROLL THROUGH NEW AMSTERDAM.

BY ANTHONY AUTOGRAF, ESQ.

"One of the best secrets of enjoyment, is the art of cultivating pleasant associations."—LEIGH HUNT.

ONE afternoon in winter, being quite tired with reading and studying, in which occupations I had been engaged all the morning, I determined on taking a stroll, after the manner of the good old Caliph Haroun Alraschid. So I put on my overcoat, and buttoning it tight across my breast, sallied forth in quest of adventures, at least as entertaining, if not quite so romantic, as those of the Persian monarch. The sky was dark and lowering, and a cold north-east wind, which was blowing at the time, penetrated even the thick folds of my pilot-cloth coat. I took my way through the principal thoroughfare, and amused myself, as I walked along, by watching the countenances of those I met,—an occupation no less profitable than pleasing.

The contrasts presented to my view were indeed striking, and would have afforded admirable materials for an essay or a sketch. At one moment I beheld advancing, with rapid strides and a nervous, excited gait, the man of business, rapt in his own reflections, and intent, as it seemed to me, on reckoning up the precise amount of profit and loss involved in the day's transactions. But a few yards behind him walked an exquisite, as fast as fashion would allow, with his eye anxiously turned to the sky, as though he trembled for the fate of his new coat and glossy hat. By his side were a party of children, with their nurse, on their way from school, as was evident from the books and satchels which they carried; their joyous faces, rosy cheeks, natural manners, and unsophisticated glee, were strangely at variance with the look of indifference, the pallid countenance, studied elegance, and half mournful expression of the man of mode so near them; and I could not help wondering whether, when they grew up, they would apply themselves to the business of life in earnest, or spend their best years in striving to please those, whose approval is as worthless as their admiration is dangerous. A little further on appeared an old and decrepid woman, leading by the hand a pale-faced boy, who looked like misery's adopted child. She stopped before an elegant carriage which had just drawn up to the sidewalk, and besought alms of its occupants, but she was soon pushed aside by a footman in livery, who opened the door, when a beautifully-dressed lady stepped out upon the pavement, and made her way into one of the fashionable stores, without deigning to cast even a look upon the unfortunate being who craved her assistance. At this moment I was strongly impressed with the idea, that the old painters were correct in representing fortune as blind.

Indulging in these reflections, I walked on, and soon found myself in the lower part of the city, when I turned down one of the side streets, and directed my steps towards the docks. Melville has well said, that "There is something fascinating to a landsman in the sight of ships and shipping;" for they call up so many pleasing and romantic associations, bring to mind so many old legends and traditions, that they imbue one with the idea that he is among the inhabitants of a distinct sphere from his own, so entirely different are the employments, manners, customs, and modes of life among "those who go down to the sea in ships," from the ones to which he has been accustomed. As

one looks upon the staunch and stalwart forms of the goodly crafts before him, and beholds their tall and raking masts, he cannot but recall to mind those lines of Halleck's,—"If there were tongues in trees, what tales these giant oaks could tell!" I strolled along the street which fronted the water, and busied myself with the objects before and around me. Endless rows and lines of vessels, from every part of the world, were here riding peacefully together in dock, without regard to nation or quality. Here lay an old whaler, her clumsy hulk well covered with barnacles, with patched-up sails and rusty looking boats, which gave evidence of many a midnight gale and weary chase. There floated a new, jaunty-looking clipper, with raking masts and snow-white canvass, fresh from the ship-carpenter's hand, as yet untried, and beautiful. The contrast between the two was so great, that I could not avoid comparing them to the seasons of age and youth: the one wearied with life's fierce contest, the other strong and eager for the struggle. On the right was a ship just returned from Canton, her deck piled with boxes of tea, and swarming with sailors and stevedores, while here and there, a bewildered, disconsolate-looking Chinaman presented a mournful contrast to the joys and busy scene around. On the left, a vessel bound for Liverpool was being towed out of port, every part of her covered with human beings, who cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, until their forms were lost in the distance. How many a father had bidden farewell to an only child, how many a sister had kissed, for the last time, a beloved brother, how many a loving wife had clung in agony of soul to her departing husband, I know not; but many a stern face must have been wet with tears, and many a pillow moist with weeping, on that same winter's night. A little further on was moored a Norwegian barque, and close by her side lay a long, piratical-looking schooner, bound for the West Indies, whose low, black hull and slanting masts called to mind the slave-trade, with all its horrors. And here, safe in port, were all these vessels, from different climes, bound on different journeys, with their masts and spars clearly defined against the dark grey sky, and their long bowsprits stretching forth over the street, as though they sought to pry into the windows on the opposite side of the way, and learn all they could of the city and its inhabitants before their departure.

I passed on, and entered the market which fronts the river. What a scene presented itself to the view! Here were dealers in beef, pigs, and poultry, apple-women, and venders of vegetables, bird-fanciers and dog-men, gingerbread stalls, and sellers of cutlery and musical instruments, oyster and coffee stands, pie-women, and alcoves where cake and candy were sold. At one moment I met a man staggering beneath the weight of a whole hog, at the next, a group of idlers, gathered around the counter of some liquor merchant, talking and singing, laughing and whistling, drinking and smoking. Presently a hungry cur crossed my path, with pricked-up ears and drooping tail, endeavoring to support a precarious existence, by stealing scraps of meat from beneath the butchers' tables, and evidently on the watch lest he should be surprised in the theft, and meet with instantaneous chastisement. Never before, I think, could there have been such



the Seine to Rouen, then diverging to Normandy and Brittany, and coming round by the Loire to Paris. The modern Capua, however, did not long detain him from the beloved "foot-path road," for he was off again in a day or two for the South, by Bourges, and the curious region of extinct volcanoes, to Bayonne. From this city he rambled along the line of the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean provinces. From Marseilles he journeyed to Savoy and Switzerland; where, after rigorous use of Alpen stock, up and down many a celebrated mountain pass, he went down the Rhine to Belgium, thence by railroad to Paris, and after a few days' delay, to Havre, where he crossed the channel to reach the steamship Hermann, which brought him home. A great part of this tour was performed on foot, or in chance conveyances, fallen in with on the road, the pedestrian resorting to the railroads only when an uninteresting tract of country was met with.

The first part of the volume is the best, both on account of the region treated of being less hackneyed to the general reader, and the greater number of way-side sketches of persons and things the writer describes for us. It seems to partake, more than the subsequent portions, of the enthusiasm with which a tour in a foreign country is commenced, before the every-day objects met with have lost, as they soon lose, their delightful novelty, and settle down into the commonplace every-day life. Whether the increasing bulk of the journal pressed on the author's shoulders as he trudged along by day, making him less and less desirous to blot paper at night, to carry down to posterity in a double sense by day, or whether the journals aforesaid were sent home week by week by mail, so that the writer has less excuse for letting, as most people do, a travelling record dwindle down to little more than a bare enumeration of places visited, we know not—but some such course seems, judging from the printed volume, to have been pursued.

The portion on Switzerland is especially meagre. The writer carries us over famous mountain and valley with scarce a word of comment, in praise or dispraise, of some of the most remarkable scenery in the world—striding on from peak to peak, like a traveller from Brobdignag. The marvels of painting and architecture seem to have little charm for him in any portion of his tour. Wayside life, as we have said, almost exclusively engrosses his attention; and, in pictures of this class, when he takes space to do himself justice, the author shows an observant eye, and appreciation of the humorous.

The American traveller, in out of the way places in Europe, is often amused at the ideas of the people he falls in with regarding his country. The following may be added to the many good anecdotes already extant relative to this matter. The writer is jogging along with a peasant in a two-wheeled vehicle, on the road from Rouen to Lower Normandy:—

"Est-ce que vous êtes venu de loin?" asked the peasant. Now the nag, after having trotted a little distance, had fallen into his usual rate of speed: the driver, fully content with the achievement of the quadruped, carried the rope-reins hanging loosely from his thumb.

"From America," was my reply.

"The peasant, instead of looking surprised,

as I anticipated, wore the expression of one in doubt.

"The above question in French, when translated, means—'Have you come from far?' and was asked almost every day during my sojourn in France. It is the usual salutation a foreigner receives, after the customary 'bon jour;' for the French are the most curious of nations. Where do you come from? what is your profession? why do you travel here? are the three grand questions a Frenchman is sure to ask of a traveller; and he is not at ease until the desired information has been received. It is just the same with the women; but they are not so bold in their inquiries. Let me, however, return to the peasant, who has not yet recovered from his doubt.

"Do you not believe I came from America?" asked I, smiling at the ludicrous expression of his countenance.

"No."

"Why so?"

"I will tell you. Do you think I will believe you, when you say you come from l'Amerique? non! I will not believe you—pardon for the saying,—but you are just as white as I am," and he touched my cheek with his finger; "yes, and whiter, too; and I know very well you could not come from l'Amerique, where all the people are black!"

"That observation was what is called a settler, and would admit of no dispute. It was long before he could be made to comprehend that the people of our country were rather more fair in complexion than those of his own. I had read before of the same occurrence in books of travel, and was inclined to treat the matter lightly; but then had convincing proof that it was not a 'traveller's story.'"

A companion picture occurs a few pages on:—

"We stopped at the junction of several roads where were two or three houses: the place was called Malbrouk. While supper was being prepared, the host sold snuff and tobacco: it is very costly, and was weighed as though it had been gold dust and gold threads. An old woman bought a sous worth of each.

"In the evening the family collected around the fire, and the marchand soon told them from whence I came.

"I once heard of America," said the host, "and it is a fine country; but it can't come up to France."

"No!" said I. "In what particular?"

"Why, in the first place, in size."

"Yes," observed his wife, "you will agree that France is larger."

"By no means," was my reply.

"L'Amerique plus grand que la France!"

"Precisely."

"No, no," laughed they; "you jest."

"I do not jest."

"It is not possible," said the host.

"I cannot believe it," said his wife.

"The son then spake: 'I will soon find out, for I have a geography.'"

"He marched to the shelf in one corner of the room, and brought to light an ancient book.

"France has so many inhabitants," naming the entire population; "et l'Amerique du Nord—"

"Eh bien!" they all cried.

"And l'Amerique du Nord has so many—" naming also the number of inhabitants.

"Every one appeared astonished.

"I did not know before," said the host, "that America was larger than France. It must then in reality be a great place; and you came from America!"

As a specimen of the "wayside pictures" we have commended, we select a sketch of the travelling dentist, of the Dr. Dulcamara

stamp, at a fair at Caudebec, a village on the Seine:—

"When leaving town I was carried by the road to the Seine, and there beheld a new feature in the beauty of the place. Along the quay and terrace, by the water's side, was a row of neatly-trimmed elm trees, serving as a screen to the houses facing the river. Here it was that most of the people were collected, and where the fancy articles, fruits, and vegetables were being sold.

"Suddenly, drums rolled and cymbals clashed, and a host of people were gazing upon a gaudily-painted coach, on the roof of which were musicians in uniform. Mixing with the crowd, I saw that the horses were taken from the vehicle, while on the footboard of the postilion's seat stood a man with formidable moustaches, and a very blasé air.

"He waved his hand, and the drums ceased, and the cymbals ended their quarrel; then he commenced a speech, its amount being that he was a dentist from the great city of Paris, and called upon all who were in any way afflicted by their teeth to ascend to him, and in an instant he would display his skill by showing to the world the tormenting tooth; then he waved his hand again, and the music of the drums and cymbals raised a dismal-featured man up the side of the coach, even to the professor from Paris.

"Where are the teeth?" asked the dentist.

"The patient touched one in the lower and one in the upper jaw.

"The professor, glancing quickly over the crowd, took from an open case an instrument much resembling a shoemaker's awl, with the point broken off. Standing beside the man, he placed the edge of the tool against the tooth, and by a sudden upward jerk pushed it back, forcing it from the gum; the musicians redoubled their exertions, and the professor prepared himself for tooth the second, which was in the upper row. Standing on the seat, with the man between his legs, he pressed back the patient's head, and pushed it out! The man with the port holes in his mouth descended from the coach, grinning a ghastly and a bloody grin; while the professor having silenced the music, entertained us with a learned and scientific discourse on the tooth, which he held aloft for all to observe. That was one way to extract teeth; but when at Caen more strange sights in that department were seen, and, when the narrative brings me there, a full and truthful account will be given. By the side of the coach stood a man with a cocked hat, worn in the Napoleon style, showy coat, epaulets, aiguillettes, blue pants, gloved hands; and over his shoulder passed a wide and, methinks, yellow belt, supporting a broadsword. His face was the field on which grew a bristly moustache and imperial, and his hair was cut quite close. The expression of his countenance was that of one who had seen the world, and was entirely 'used up.' He was a gend'arme; and all men of his profession have the same kind of moustaches, expression, imperial, and uniform, which, however, slightly changes in different provinces. They are a fine body of men, and are selected from the ranks on account of their stature and good qualities. They are noted for their politeness, and love for their uniform, on which the least tarnish cannot be discovered.

"What is that man doing here?" I asked of a peasant.

"Oh!" was the answer, "he is protecting the dentist."

#### BIBLICAL CRITICISM.\*

It gives us great pleasure to call the attention of our readers to the valuable works on

\* A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, exhibiting a systematic view of that science. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. In 2 vols. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1853.

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the Seine to Rouen, then diverging to Normandy and Brittany, and coming round by the Loire to Paris. The modern Capua, however, did not long detain him from the beloved "foot-path road," for he was off again in a day or two for the South, by Bourges, and the curious region of extinct volcanoes, to Bayonne. From this city he rambled along the line of the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean provinces. From Marseilles he journeyed to Savoy and Switzerland; where, after rigorous use of Alpen stock, up and down many a celebrated mountain pass, he went down the Rhine to Belgium, thence by railroad to Paris, and after a few days' delay, to Havre, where he crossed the channel to reach the steamship Hermann, which brought him home. A great part of this tour was performed on foot, or in chance conveyances, fallen in with on the road, the pedestrian resorting to the railroads only when an uninteresting tract of country was met with.

The first part of the volume is the best, both on account of the region treated of being less hackneyed to the general reader, and the greater number of way-side sketches of persons and things the writer describes for us. It seems to partake, more than the subsequent portions, of the enthusiasm with which a tour in a foreign country is commenced, before the every-day objects met with have lost, as they soon lose, their delightful novelty, and settle down into the commonplace every-day life. Whether the increasing bulk of the journal pressed on the author's shoulders as he trudged along by day, making him less and less desirous to blot paper at night, to carry down to posterity in a double sense by day, or whether the journals aforesaid were sent home week by week by mail, so that the writer has less excuse for letting, as most people do, a travelling record dwindle down to little more than a bare enumeration of places visited, we know not—but some such course seems, judging from the printed volume, to have been pursued.

The portion on Switzerland is especially meagre. The writer carries us over famous mountain and valley with scarce a word of comment, in praise or dispraise, of some of the most remarkable scenery in the world—striding on from peak to peak, like a traveller from Brobdingnag. The marvels of painting and architecture seem to have little charm for him in any portion of his tour. Wayside life, as we have said, almost exclusively engrosses his attention; and, in pictures of this class, when he takes space to do himself justice, the author shows an observant eye, and appreciation of the humorous.

The American traveller, in out of the way places in Europe, is often amused at the ideas of the people he falls in with regarding his country. The following may be added to the many good anecdotes already extant relative to this matter. The writer is jogging along with a peasant in a two-wheeled vehicle, on the road from Rouen to Lower Normandy:—

"Est-ce que vous êtes venu de loin?" asked the peasant. Now the nag, after having trotted a little distance, had fallen into his usual rate of speed; the driver, fully content with the achievement of the quadruped, carried the rope-reins hanging loosely from his thumb.

"From America," was my reply.

"The peasant, instead of looking surprised,

as I anticipated, wore the expression of one in doubt.

"The above question in French, when translated, means—'Have you come from far?' and was asked almost every day during my sojourn in France. It is the usual salutation a foreigner receives, after the customary 'bon jour;' for the French are the most curious of nations. Where do you come from? what is your profession? why do you travel here? are the three grand questions a Frenchman is sure to ask of a traveller; and he is not at ease until the desired information has been received. It is just the same with the women; but they are not so bold in their inquiries. Let me, however, return to the peasant, who has not yet recovered from his doubt.

"Do you not believe I came from America?" asked I, smiling at the ludicrous expression of his countenance.

"No."

"Why so?"

"I will tell you. Do you think I will believe you, when you say you come from l'Amerique? non! I will not believe you—pardon for the saying,—but you are just as white as I am," and he touched my cheek with his finger; "yes, and whiter, too; and I know very well you could not come from l'Amerique, where all the people are black!"

"That observation was what is called a settler, and would admit of no dispute. It was long before he could be made to comprehend that the people of our country were rather more fair in complexion than those of his own. I had read before of the same occurrence in books of travel, and was inclined to treat the matter lightly; but then had convincing proof that it was not a 'traveller's story.'"

A companion picture occurs a few pages on:—

"We stopped at the junction of several roads where were two or three houses: the place was called Malbrouk. While supper was being prepared, the host sold snuff and tobacco: it is very costly, and was weighed as though it had been gold dust and gold threads. An old woman bought a sous worth of each.

"In the evening the family collected around the fire, and the marchand soon told them from whence I came.

"I once heard of America," said the host, "and it is a fine country; but it can't come up to France."

"No!" said I. "In what particular?"

"Why, in the first place, in size."

"Yes," observed his wife, "you will agree that France is larger."

"By no means," was my reply.

"L'Amerique plus grand que la France!"

"Precisely."

"No, no," laughed they; "you jest."

"I do not jest."

"It is not possible," said the host.

"I cannot believe it," said his wife.

"The son then spake: 'I will soon find out, for I have a geography.'"

"He marched to the shelf in one corner of the room, and brought to light an ancient book.

"France has so many inhabitants," naming the entire population; "et l'Amerique du Nord—"

"Eh bien!" they all cried.

"And l'Amerique du Nord has so many—naming also the number of inhabitants.

"Every one appeared astonished.

"I did not know before," said the host, "that America was larger than France. It must then in reality be a great place; and you came from America!"

As a specimen of the "wayside pictures" we have commended, we select a sketch of the travelling dentist, of the Dr. Dulcamara

stamp, at a fair at Caudebec, a village on the Seine:—

"When leaving town I was carried by the road to the Seine, and there beheld a new feature in the beauty of the place. Along the quay and terrace, by the water's side, was a row of neatly-trimmed elm trees, serving as a screen to the houses facing the river. Here it was that most of the people were collected, and where the fancy articles, fruits, and vegetables were being sold.

"Suddenly, drums rolled and cymbals clashed, and a host of people were gazing upon a gaudily-painted coach, on the roof of which were musicians in uniform. Mixing with the crowd, I saw that the horses were taken from the vehicle, while on the footboard of the postilion's seat stood a man with formidable moustaches, and a very blasé air.

"He waved his hand, and the drums ceased, and the cymbals ended their quarrel; then he commenced a speech, its amount being that he was a dentist from the great city of Paris, and called upon all who were in any way afflicted by their teeth to ascend to him, and in an instant he would display his skill by showing to the world the tormenting tooth; then he waved his hand again, and the music of the drums and cymbals raised a dismal-featured man up the side of the coach, even to the professor from Paris.

"Where are the teeth?" asked the dentist.

"The patient touched one in the lower and one in the upper jaw.

"The professor, glancing quickly over the crowd, took from an open case an instrument much resembling a shoemaker's awl, with the point broken off. Standing beside the man, he placed the edge of the tool against the tooth, and by a sudden upward jerk pushed it back, forcing it from the gum; the musicians redoubled their exertions, and the professor prepared himself for tooth the second, which was in the upper row. Standing on the seat, with the man between his legs, he pressed back the patient's head, and pushed it out! The man with the port holes in his mouth descended from the coach, grinning a ghastly and a bloody grin; while the professor having silenced the music, entertained us with a learned and scientific discourse on the tooth, which he held aloft for all to observe. That was one way to extract teeth; but when at Caen more strange sights in that department were seen, and, when the narrative brings me there, a full and truthful account will be given. By the side of the coach stood a man with a cocked hat, worn in the Napoleon style, showy coat, epaulets, aiguillettes, blue pants, gloved hands; and over his shoulder passed a wide and, methinks, yellow belt, supporting a broadsword. His face was the field on which grew a bristly moustache and imperial, and his hair was cut quite close. The expression of his countenance was that of one who had seen the world, and was entirely 'used up.' He was a gend'arme; and all men of his profession have the same kind of moustaches, expression, imperial, and uniform, which, however, slightly changes in different provinces. They are a fine body of men, and are selected from the ranks on account of their stature and good qualities. They are noted for their politeness, and love for their uniform, on which the least tarnish cannot be discovered.

"What is that man doing here?" I asked of a peasant.

"Oh!" was the answer, "he is protecting the dentist."

#### BIBLICAL CRITICISM.\*

It gives us great pleasure to call the attention of our readers to the valuable works on

\* A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, exhibiting a systematic view of that science. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. In 2 vols. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1858.

the Criticism and Literature of the Bible, which have appeared within a few years past. A few weeks ago, we took occasion to enlarge somewhat upon this topic, in a notice of Dr. Kittó's learned and elaborate Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature. Our worthy friends in Boston, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, have afforded us the opportunity of referring again to this subject, by sending, for our examination, Dr. Davidson's "Biblical Criticism," an edition of which they have imported from England, and now offer at a fair price to the students of the Bible in America.

Even a cursory examination of these volumes would show that Dr. Davidson is a very thorough scholar, and very well read in all that appertains to his department. But to appreciate the work, to estimate it at its true value, one must study it with care and patience. He must endeavor to make himself master of its contents; and we can assure him that he will be amply repaid in the fruitful results of his labors. In systematic arrangement, in clearness of exposition, in precision of thought and expression, in fulness of detail, in candor and soundness of judgment, Dr. Davidson's work ranks very high; and, although it may be that on many disputed points, independent scholars and critics will arrive at different results from those attained by our author, yet we are confident that no one can use Dr. D's volumes with any faithfulness, and not receive from them any profit, and not also feel assured that he is a master on this subject.

Some thirteen years ago, Dr. D. published a volume entitled, "Lectures on Biblical Criticism," a volume which was favorably received, but which further study and research showed to be imperfect, and even erroneous, in many respects. Consequently, he was compelled to re-write the entire work, and to bring it up to the present advanced stage of progress on this topic. Freely acknowledging that the service of which he treats has difficulties of no light description, he says, with a fine spirit of candor and truthfulness:—

"Many of the subjects which come under discussion in the department termed Biblical criticism, are necessarily difficult. The evidence on which conclusions are formed is of a kind that rejects certainty. Different opinions may be entertained respecting the results to which testimony leads. Hence it will not surprise any, except the very ignorant, to be told, that various opinions formerly held by the author, have been abandoned. Repeated inquiries and reflection have led him to change, modify, and retract his former views. He is free to confess that he has never arrived at a certainty on all subjects. But the reader has here the latest and most mature judgments of the author, for which alone he begs to be held accountable."

We have marked a number of places in these volumes which we should be glad to quote for the benefit of our readers, but our limits do not admit of this. We shall only ask attention to one short passage. Dr. D. has pointed out the sources of Criticism, viz.: Ancient versions of the Sacred Scriptures; Parallels, or repeated passages; Quotations; MS. or written copies; and critical conjectures; but lest any one should mistake on this topic, and deem it an easy matter to investigate such subjects as these, he administers the following plainly uttered and needed caution:—

"Great skill is necessary in the use of these sources. It is not every one who can manage them with judgment and discrimination. Diffi-

cult cases frequently arise from conflicting testimonies; and the most patient investigation is required in the adjustment of them. General rules are easily mastered, but their application, in many cases, demands caution and maturity of judgment. Good critics, therefore, are not made at once. Training is requisite to the production of an accomplished scholar. A long course of instruction must precede high attainments in this as in other departments of knowledge. The manner in which men of acknowledged eminence have proceeded, is a good example for others. Criticism is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the unskilful and the ignorant. Above all, a right spirit within, is the best safeguard against error—a spirit imbued with divine influence."

#### A MID-SUMMER ARTICLE.

WHERE is Boreas, to-day? oh, where is king Æolus? And where, oh where, is mildly-breathing Zephyr—if nothing stronger is to be had? This mid-August is not the time exactly to handle hot steel-pens, nor to hammer out elaborate reviews;—now, if ever, the busiest of us should be industriously employed in doing nothing—and nothing will we do—further than to gossip away a little here, in the shade, upon the doings of others.—Heaviest of literary afflictions is the seeking of a publisher. Trouble yourself no more dear author, this hot morning, with any such agitation; it is done to your hand as per card in the Washington papers:—

"TO AMERICAN AUTHORS.—Writers of Poetry, Tales, Sketches, Essays, Biographies, Scientific Treatises, &c., &c., who feel the want of facilities for publishing their productions in a profitable and satisfactory manner, may receive information of interest to them by addressing the undersigned, and simply enclosing in each letter a postage stamp to be placed on a letter in reply. That mere curiosity may not induce any one to write to the undersigned, he assures all that the information he has to give can be of service to none but persons of the class he addresses—namely, ladies and gentlemen whose writings are meritorious enough for publication, and yet who have not the means, the skill, or the influence, to obtain for them promptly the favourable consideration of the publishers under whose auspices they wish them to appear.

THOMAS C. CONNOLLY,  
General Correspondent,  
Washington, D. C."

From the same quarter we are also promised high entertainment in the "Prospectus of Philomath," a Literary Journal, wherein W. C. Chomley, Editor, announces that "It will appeal to the magnanimity, generosity, and literary taste of the 19th century for support—to the fathers and sons of the American people, who can so properly boast of progression,—then, in return for which, it will endeavor to point out the road to honor, wealth, and usefulness. The Editor will use his best endeavors, to make it a rich and pleasant Monitor, in whose hands soever it may fall."

And how beautifully Editor Chomley locates "Philomath."

"PHILOMATH will be published monthly, at 'Union Institute,' De Kalb County, Tennessee, one and a half miles East of Smithville, twelve numbers to each volume, forty pages to each number, making at the close of the year, a volume of 480 pages, with richly colored printed covers."

"Southern" and "Literary" pardon us if we make neighbourly mention of the last number of the *Southern Quarterly Review*, unquestionably one of the ablest journals of that

class ever published in the country. Its editor, Dr. Simms, is accomplished, active, ready-handed, and equal to the claims of his position, in every way. Among the articles in the July issue, there is a trenchant and demonstrative paper on Mrs. Stowe's second book, in which her logic of delineation is put to a pretty severe test; an interesting article on the Mexican War, in continuation of a series, and some capital badinage in the opening of the article on the Bourbon Controversy: the critical notices, although brief and glancing, touch with a word the secret of the character of each work. Altogether the *Southern Quarterly* vindicates its place among the foremost of its class. By the way, through the smoke of our cigar, we discern, in an English Journal, the announcement of a new publication of this kind,—"*The London Quarterly Review*,"—to be forthcoming on the first of September: also, Mr. Ralph W. Emerson's new book, "*Impressions of Europe*," to be published by Bentley; and from the same house, a work by Mr. H. T. Tuckerman; Hildreth's "*Theory of Politics*," from the press of Messrs. Clarke, Beeton & Co. (who, by the activity and variety of their movements, seem to promise to become the leading publishers of American books in England); a curious book by Nott and Gliddon, "*Types of Mankind*," to be published by Trübner & Co.; with various other greater and lesser works on their way to their printers, in such fine advertising, or "*Monthly List*" type, that it tasks the over-heated eyes to make them out.

There is, besides these, a small swarm of native volumes ready to take to the wing in early autumn, which we shall return to as soon as the dog-star has paled its most "effectual fires."

#### LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

*Extraordinary Men; their Boyhood and Early Life.* By William Russell, Esq. (London: Ingram & Co.; New York: Bangs.)—There is a spirit of originality in this book which lifts it out of the range of popular compilations, written to order for the booksellers. The style is somewhat ambitious, but it has energy in the handling. The writer evidently sees and thinks for himself, which we hold to be of some importance among the languid literary undertakings of the day—the poverty stricken rampings of old Encyclopædia articles. Thus Shakespeare, Molière, and Benjamin Franklin—the three instances which we have taken to test the twenty-two biographies of the book—are discussed with so much point and freshness that we regret the writer's plan does not lead him beyond the discussion of their youth and first successes in the world. The book is written of boys, but in a way to be read with pleasure by men. A father who would test the probabilities of success in life of his promising children, may see what indications have led the way to greatness in the early developments of the Mozarts, Mirabeaus, Romilies, and Napoleons. The wood-cut illustrations of the volumes are striking, and in keeping with the suggestive spirit of the text.

*The Life of Alfred the Great* (published by Bangs, Brother & Co.), translated from the German of Dr. R. Pauli, is the last addition to Mr. Bohn's Antiquarian Library, where its original research and unwearied pursuit of the literature of the subject render it a fit companion to the Bedes, Assers, William of Malmesbury, and other old Eng-



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1883.

## LITERATURE.

## CALMSTORM, THE REFORMER.\*

THIS is a singular production—a tragedy of which the hero is a person of our own day, and the incidents of which are such as might grow—with a due allowance for poetic license—out of the newspaper narratives or complaints of the times, written in a style and language which we are accustomed to call Shakspearian, taking the word in its general sense as a type of the manner and treatment of the old English drama. The opening passage of Part I. (there are five so-called "parts" instead of acts to this "Dramatic Comment,") opens with a conversation as unlike as possible to any that we have ever heard on or off the stage at the present day. Following the epic rule and dramatic necessity, we are plunged at once into the midst of affairs. Calmstorm, the Reformer, has attained a position, and this is the man:—

A PUBLIC SQUARE. FIRST CITIZEN. SECOND CITIZEN. THIRD CITIZEN.

Sec. Cit. It cannot be he that rises now Upon the people's gaze; a tower where Strength, And Fortitude, and Hope would build their homes,

And hold secure their look-out o'er the world!  
Third Cit. He lived deep in the west in his youth, 'tis said.

Sec. Cit. I've heard, for this I know not of myself,

From a low, damp, and shadowy corner Of the city he springs: an obscure haunt.

First Cit. We look upon a man forth issuing from an arch,

As if he bore something of glory from within;  
All men walk forth into the changeful world Under the blue heaven that bends above us, And glorifies us all. This Calmstorm's our old

Schoolfellow, of the public and the common school,

Who fiercely struck the master, charging him With an untruth in some small word.

Sec. Cit. An eager, resolute, and dark-eyed boy,

Who railed at sleep, and pined a week, unfed, For some poor slight the scholars put on him! I think I recollect him now.

Third Cit. Ay, Calmstorm, to be sure, Who used to talk, flashing with irrepressible fire,

Sometimes, of taking to the wild sea, Sometimes of mountain-travel, far removed From human haunts.

The lines which we have marked in italics afford an unmistakable indication of a poetic mind.

Calmstorm, whose tell-tale name is an indication of the double nature of most persons who set up for reformers—powerful in words, and exciting a tempest, powerless in act and practical efficiency, quite capable, like the mimic thunderer of the Dunciad, of "riding in the whirlwind," but utterly inadequate and collapsed to "direct the storm," is introduced to us advancing to meet a smith, mason, and carpenter, who are certainly very unfortunate specimens for America of the welfare of the mechanic arts. The mason, the most cheerful of the company, is overworked; the smith has been up for two nights, forging chains for a rising in the up-river prison; and the carpenter has been

employed upon a gallows in the prison yard:

and all the while  
A pale white face hung at the grated bar,  
Upon the gloomy night.

Not very complimentary types these of our modern civilization.

Calmstorm catches a parting word of the smith, and utters this true and manly sentiment:—

Why spake the swarthiest of his master!  
The man who takes his toil and gives him money—

He is his fellow-bondman in humanity,  
By the same charter lives, dies by the same  
Swift death or slow: they firmly, each to each,

Are linked in the great round of order  
By no constant but a changing mastery,  
That each in turn may know obedience,  
And his bless'd twin, authority.

To which we may add another expostulation from a subsequent scene, which justly expresses the sacrifices to toil in excess, or under peculiar privations:—

Help, help, through all the watches of the night,

Amid the arches of the calm, blue day,  
In every name, in every tongue, I hear  
A cry for help. What answers! and whence is't!

An answer or a mocking, who can say!—  
Wide over every land I see—the new earth's sons—

Black engines swing their terrible arms  
On every side, as if to beat the rounded globe  
Into another shape than that it took from God!—

If these will do men's work, will rush with nostrils fiery,

Upon the sinew-cracking toil, seize and devour

All obstacle from the way, let men be free  
And holiday making, in presence of their dark

And gloomy slaves, ever be lords unlabored and erect.

And yet to toil is not to die outright.  
In its right aims, and rightly sought, I know,  
And rightly served, 'tis sacred as the sainted hand,

But work gone to by needy men, in herds, at noon,

Panniered with dull cold meals, homeward at night

To plod with weary steps, dim eyes, lost hours,

Disjointed faculties, doubles a curse

That nature meant!—

Down in the pent and gloomy mine to grope,  
To stifle, 'neath the gabled and the sooty roof,

The childhood white and pure a moment lit,  
In the thick reek of cells and prisoned airs,  
Cheaply to waste the great, red, mournful heart,

To be a screw, a rack, a hoisting-way,

A camel and a dog, a mere utensil

And a clod, insensible to what it works in,  
To what end, unknowing of the beauty lapped

Deep down in every art, in every toil,  
Born to grow up by man's caressing hand—

Arms withered in youth, and eyeballs seared  
Darker than age, in the huge furnace-blaze:  
Oh, better, curbless rush, in swift black speed,—

These horses dreadful of the land and sea,

Over the earth, and be alone, in foe,

The children of her hollow-hearted breast,  
Masters and ministers, unmenial in their acts.

His manner, however, doubtless shows impatience; for his wife by his side—a patient, meek, enduring type of womanhood—re-

marks, in a qualifying way, that she did not think they were murmuring for want of bread. Calmstorm, whose imagination darkens the scene, has a different interpretation:—

Calm. The man that with his level struck the earth,

Keenly reproached its hardness, that it yields  
But scantling food to him and his: Umena,  
I am sad, as if I sat close by my grave!

Umena. Why are you sad! The sun shines in the air

As clear as though he were new-made for us,  
The breath of day creeps hither from the river,

Fresh and sweet, and softly to our gracious ear

The city's hum murmurs familiar:

There's comfort bounteous in the world abroad,  
There should be comfort in our minds within.

Calm. It may be that the men who just passed on

Have troubled me; I wish the city would  
But stop its din, for that perplexes me.

Why should this always be! O, why for ever,

In chains or grief, or silent sadnesses

Shall men toil on, nor see the sun nor moon,

By night or day, the things they are!—

New Land of Hope! these things become not thee:

From earth thou risest, youth-like, up, or should—

Fresh as the morn, unblemished and unpanged;  
Thine hair is not so gray, nor are thine eyes

So dim, that thou should'st, faltering, palsy-shake,

As if the guilty centuries sate upon thee.

Swiftly, unrest, and haste, betray thy youth—

From where the east kindles in dewy light,

To the red blazing of the west, darkly,

Thy ponderous beam of power rocks up and down,

Jarring the continent. Behold, behold

Thy thousand sails are set, full-flowing,

Thy thousand engines creak and clank and groan

To bear the world straight in the sun's eye,

Rushing for ever from the calm-wheeling round  
Old nations run!

These are the man's hopes and fears; and he exaggerates the one as much as the other. Hammering prison chains and constructing a gallows are very rare and exceptional instances in the lives of smiths and carpenters; and, on the other hand, as for the expectations from young America, though the land, in one sense, may be said to be a new world, yet the humanity which fills it is old and inveterate enough. Calmstorm confounds transmutation with transmutation. He has forgotten the deeply-rooted application of a famous classical line which has become very familiar to American eyes by its apposite quotation weekly, for thirty years, at the head of the unchanging Englishman's journal, our respected contemporary, the *Albion*:

Celum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt.

America is, undoubtedly, young enough, and has been re-discovered by Columbus at a comparatively recent period of the world's history; but, notwithstanding every thing to be deduced from chronology, we continue to find the best account of this young America in a very ancient book, written in a remote and secluded country, several generations before the first voyage of the adventurous Genoese. You may learn much more of the cisatlantic men of the nineteenth century, from the ancient proverbs of King Solomon,

\* Calmstorm, the Reformer. A Dramatic Comment. W. H. Tinsion.

than from the homespun ones of Poor Richard, or the contemporary intellectual sawdust of Emerson.

Calmstorm represents one class of reformers, the sad and visionary; he has nothing in him of the other and larger division—the shrewd and knavish. He would not, like Bacon's celebrated self-lover, burn down his neighbor's house to roast his own eggs in the ashes; but we fear that he might burn down the house out of pure philanthropy, when the ashes might be employed in that way by some more cunning though less adventurous individual.

He soon takes to wearing a sword, which excites prejudice against him in a peaceful and trading community. A civilian, habitually bearing a sword, would naturally excite opposition or ridicule. He might carry a concealed bowie knife or a revolver without imputation upon his sanity. The use of a sword in consequence, we presume, of the numerous civic military displays, has got to be conventional, and worn, now-a-days, as an article of dress would be considered inappropriate as a panache or a pompoon.

A second soliloquy develops the character, in which it is intimated that in some Gavazzi-like encounter, it has done good execution on

one that essayed to check,  
In free assembly met, a speaker for the truth.

Some other recollections of a scene in which the sword failed—it may have been a tarring and feathering—provokes this declaration of hostility to law and constituted authority:—

*Calm.* Death on his head,  
A death tempestuous, bitter and swift,  
Who from this minute forth shall dare to lay  
The touch of statue-scorning violence  
On Calmstorm! I, I am the law in that!  
Mine own adviser, judge, and executioner,  
The fortress of myself, mine own right arm.

The various irritations of the philanthropist are then made to pass in review, a scene coming on where a prisoner is taken to jail by a hard creditor, who has swindled him in a speculating transaction, with this palpable hit at the courts—if the anonymous writer will allow us to substitute the insolence of the bar for the bench (judges to the extent of our knowledge being always gentlemen, *counsel* sometimes forgetting themselves):—

Due! there are some dues beside the dollar!  
This man is debtor now, this very hour,  
Unto this other! Take this one from the box,  
And put the other there! For where's the  
courtesy,  
Truth and honest dealing in look and hand,  
And speech, whereof he wronged and robbed,  
so oft,  
This prisoner! A daily fraud and hourly:  
Practised within the law.

Three lines of Calmstorm's advice to the newspaper reporter are nobly uttered:—

If you are called to sound the bell of truth,  
Let its clear voice your air-borne pages ring  
Over the land, unmuffled and unmarred.

The bad editor is introduced in the person of an ill-named fellow, Slinely, who is thus described with his "organ," in a conversation between Calmstorm and his companion, Waning, in a passage certainly of great force. No greater curse to a community can be imagined, than such a hideous being as is portrayed in the following:—

*Wan.* The darkest Spirit of the city, Calmstorm!

Who keeps a secret book wherein is writ  
In loathsome detail, all the city's vice,  
Each man's peculiar bias from the right,  
Who darkly with his neighbor's wife has  
erred,  
And who has clutched, with fingers lawless,  
The vaulted gold; what judge, libidinous,  
What priest, who hugs him in his catlike robe,  
Holding his pitch above the unsheltered  
world;—

He cuts the thread and tumbles on the ground,  
At his convenient time, fluttered and broken,  
Soiled and pitiful. He is the city's fiend,  
And keeps the evil count of all our deeds,  
Avenging God in gloomy merriment.  
Whiter than angels in his look: at heart  
Blacker than devils in the sulphurous fire.

*Calm.* By what charter plays he  
These pranks on the round earth, so far  
beyond

His pale? And who is he?

*Wan.* Tis Slinely, the journalist: the master  
Of the Organ that every morning breathes  
Ruin or joy on whom it pleases.

*Calm.* Accursed be he who'd yield a single  
jot

Of all he holds at such a bidding! Must I,  
Or smile, or look, or shake a greeting hand,  
Or bear myself erect or bowed, this road  
Pursue or that to public councils, sit  
At my worship, or kneel at such suggestion?  
Heaven's patent to free man runs not so  
writ,

Nor is it sent, blackening and dark, to these.  
And yet there is a power, next Heaven's om-  
nipotence,

That governs, guides, and soothes the vexed  
community

Whose eye unsleeping at the dead of night  
Looks on the secret heart of life, and counts  
Its pulses to the morning sun: that all the  
world

May live in presence, aye, of all the world:  
And brethren shake hands a thousand miles  
apart,

In far lands or seas, communing  
By magic of the true journal's speedy breath!

*Wan.* Look yonder, Calmstorm!  
Arm-in-arm, you see Darkledge, the judge,  
And the dark writer, passing. They look at  
you

Together, and pass on.

*Calm.* [A newspaper in his hand.] Death-like  
thou smilest, dost thou, winding-sheet!  
Thou hast thy tricks of use, in circles various,  
In high and low, in near and far, as the globe's  
belt.

I hold thee as a shield before my breast,  
I shake thee as a banner in the air,  
I spread thee on the ground, a battle's map;  
Column on column, fold on fold, I see thou  
curl'st

About the membered life, fanged in its heart,  
Or nursing underneath thy snow-white wings  
In downy calm, the gentle brood of truth.

Calmstorm is voted a dangerous man. Several politicians who, like Shakespeare's first and second murderers, are numbered "first politician," "second politician," &c., discuss him, politician number three summing up the street caucus:—

This Calmstorm is a dangerous man,  
To be put down speedily, fair means or foul,  
The public good demands it: a perfect honest  
man's  
Too great a monster for these difficult  
Times in which we live.

The catastrophe of the plot shows equal confidence and originality in the writer. The hero of the dramatic scene is pressed upon by popular opposition, artfully stimulated,

till it assumes the shape of a vindictive mob, in the crisis of which, before they have proceeded to personal violence, Calmstorm falls and dies heart-broken, the victim of public opinion.

There shall be no blow struck!

None other than the irresistible stroke  
Wherewith the people's breath reverberates  
In the doomed ear! No finger on him  
laid,—

Nor shall a single hair be touched by aught  
Save by the awed and eager power within  
The man, that in an hour may whiten it.

In this statuesque passage his fate is de-  
scribed:—

On the high open square,  
Dripping a spray of blood from the red storm  
Of multitudes that beat against him—  
His sword piercing in silence the calm  
ground—

Cathedral-like he stands and looks to Hea-  
ven:  
Nor words nor prayers would pierce his soli-  
tude.

Look, therefore, for the rending of the temple  
That inwalls his mighty spirit: He can  
But stand in silence endless, and so die.

There is much power in the closing soliloquies. The thoughts of the dying man run backward to his youth and manhood, and we see that this is but the outward scene: the man died long before in the injuries and disappointments of his past career.

As a drama, the action of this piece is the most difficult to render appreciable on the stage. It is subtle, slowly moving, and perhaps necessarily, in language which must appear extravagant to persons unaccustomed to look beneath the surface of a particular stratum of human life. That the dangers and evils strongly inveighed against in this "dramatic comment" do exist in certain tendencies in our country, cannot be doubted; that the scenes of this drama, taken literally as representative pictures of our society, would convey a false impression, is still more certain. The immeasurably corrupt journalist, the false judge, the inexorable creditor, the over-toiled laborer, are not common specimens of these crafts and callings. On the contrary, we firmly believe that there is no land at this moment where the press is more virtuously efficient or benevolent, where justice flows from purer fountains, where debt is as readily overlooked, or where labor meets a surer, more liberal, or happier reward. The fault in America, at this moment, must be in a man's self if he is not prosperous and contented. The ills that he must endure are common to humanity; many of the dearest alleviations are peculiar to his country. It is the vice of the reformer, as is shown in the true lesson of this book, to look too much at externals; to confound individual error and weakness with evil to be cured by outward application. There is too much of wrong and too little of duty in the sayings of such men. Yet they may exercise their healthful office in the one-sided divisions of labor in the world, by sounding the alarm to wiser if not better, men than themselves.

#### THE PEDESTRIAN IN FRANCE AND SWITZER- LAND.\*

MR. BARRELL commenced his pedestrian tour of France at Havre, as soon as free from the hands of the custom-house and passport functionaries; walking first along

\* The Pedestrian in France and Switzerland. By George Barrett, Jr. Putnam & Co.



the Watering Committee, have been for some days alarmed at his unexplained absence from the city, and the muddy condition of the hydrant water causing general remark, the superintendent of Fairmont had the basins dragged this morning, when it was found the chairman had accidentally fallen in." The large amount of white lead he manufactured appalled him, and his troubled conscience, to neutralize the effect of producing so much pure white material, found relief in mining still greater quantities of anthracite coal. At Tamagua, last year, a gentleman who occupied a room with him, observing his boots on the floor, suggested placing them outside the door to be cleaned. Gasping for breath at the novel proposal, Wetherill beseeched him not to do so, saying he had them greased once a month, and felt uncomfortable when his regular habits were interrupted. When clothed in the white raiment of immortality, those shining robes of the righteous, he will be a stumbling block to the doctrine of the recognition of friends in another world. But may he rest in peace; we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

There has rarely been so long a period in which dulness ruled, as the past few months; nothing of interest has transpired in the literary or scientific circles—even the mighty tribe of Jacob has succumbed, for we have had no summer's amusement in the way of rioting. This reminds me that, the other day, a philanthropic friend of mine asked a cousin of Emos, the man under sentence of death, whether he believed Emos had anything to do with killing Soohan? To which the worthy Jakey replied, "Vy, bless your soul, no! He isn't that kind of a man, for he wouldn't even kill a little child." Our gas perplexes the country people. A young lady from Maryland, stopping at a quiet boarding-house, where it is turned off precisely at eleven every night, and supposing it the custom of the city, was on an evening visit far up town. By some mishap, no gentleman being there, she had to go home with a female cousin; while yet a long way off, and lamenting their sad plight, the clock struck eleven,—"and there," said she, "goes eleven, and they'll put out all the lights, and we'll never find our way home."—But better than this is the story of a little boy here, whose Sunday school teacher, thinking she had brought him to a saintly frame of mind, one day expatiated on the joys of heaven, telling him how the angels passed their existence in a perpetual round of psalm singing, and other good actions. The boy, looking interested, she asked him whether he would not like to join that happy band;—the innocent, after some reflection, replied he would, if he could get out Saturday afternoons to go to h—ll, for a little fun. Boy-like, wasn't it?—Another young hopeful, a well catechised presbyterian, who, doubtless, had been smashing things, marched up to his mother in the parlour, and astonished the company by asking her, "if she had ever broken the covenant of works." Do not teachers require a little education?

And now, in the book way, Lippincott, Grambo & Co. have out, "A Manual of Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body," by Albert Kolliker, Prof. of Anatomy in Wurtemberg; translated from the German by J. Da Costa, M.D., Member Academy Nat. Science. 313 woodcuts. "Richardson's Ge-

neral and Descriptive Anatomy. Arranged to suit Practical Dissection in the U. S." J. G. Richardson, M.D. "Pro-Slavery Argument." "Annals of Tennessee, from its Settlement to the end of the 18th Century." This is a valuable contribution to particular history. "British Cabinet; Sketches of Earl of Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, Palmerston and others," one vol. 12mo. And of their "Cabinet Histories of the States," has appeared that of Vermont, by Carpenter and Arthur; from the discovery of the great lake named after Samuel Champlain, down to 1850. It is concise, full and reliable, well printed, and embellished with a good engraving of Ethan Allen, after his statue. These gentlemen have in press a work by Lieber of Charleston, S. C. It is a philosophical treatise on civil government, civil liberty, &c., the result of long preparation and great labor by its celebrated author.

Henry Carey Baird has nearly ready for publication a beautiful edition of the "Complete Poetical Works of Lord Byron," in 8 vols. 12mo. The want of a good readable library edition of Byron's Works has long been felt, and this will be given to the public at an opportune moment. In view of this, and of the intrinsic excellence of the edition itself, it must meet with a large and permanent sale. Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets," which has long been under way, will be ready by the 20th instant. "Practical Examiner on Steam and the Steam Engine," by Templeton. "Chemistry applied to Drying," by Jas. Napier. 12mo. "A Manual of Electro-Metallurgy," by Jas. Napier, 12mo. "The Lady of the Lake," a new edition, 12mo. "Lalla Rookh," 12mo. And among other new editions, the 49th of Miss Leslie's Treatise on the chiefest of the useful arts—that of cooking. W. Baird will publish for the Historical Society "The Journal of Lieut. Wm. Feltman, of the First Penn. Reg't. 1781-82, including march into Virginia, and siege of Yorktown.

Herman Hooker will publish this month, "Pilate and Herod; a tale illustrative of the early History of the Church of England in the Province of Maryland," by the Rev. Henry Stanley, of Maryland, 2 vols., 12mo.

E. H. Butler & Co. announce "The White Veil, a Bridal Gift," small 4to. "The Bow in the Cloud: or Covenant Mercy for the Afflicted," 8vo. Leaflets of Memory, for 1854, illuminated. "Friendship's Offering," "The Snow Flake." Affection's Gift," and "The Gem Annual;" all for 1854, and in 12mo. "Christmas Blossoms," a juvenile gift for 1854, small 4to; and Butler's small quarto Bible. I have been looking over the letter press and illustrations of some of these works, and can freely say they will more than sustain the reputation of the house.

A. Hart has just issued "Helen and Arthur: or, Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel," by Caroline Lee Hentz; a novel of greater merit than any she has yet produced; written with more care, too.

T. B. Peterson has published "Wild Oats, Sown Abroad; or, On and Off Soundings: being leaves from a Private Journal, by a Gentleman of Leisure." It was Sidney Smith who advised some reviewer not to read the book he was about to dissect—it would make him partial, he said. Would I had followed his profound advice with this book; for then could I have spoken freely and naturally of its merits; now do I hesi-

tate, for with those merits, even as the sun bears spots, are matters which, rarely losing their charm with any one, have with me. It may be want of taste, or that I have read curious books of high antiquity, and such things have lost their novelty. But that a book is read through by one of the initiated is sufficient in these latter days to stamp it as—worth the reading. "Percy Edgingham," a novel, by Henry Cockton, author of Valentine Vox, is published from advanced sheets, sent by the London publisher. It is fully up to his previous efforts, and will, from its style and superior merit, be much read.

Getz and Buck have issued a new edition of Neal's "Charcoal Sketches." Few books live and flourish as this has—it is the touch of nature in it.

C. J. Price and Co. have in preparation "Familiar Letters on the Physics of the Earth," by Buff; translated by Hoffman.

T. & J. W. Johnson have out "McKinney's American Magistrate: The Pennsylvania Justice of the Peace,"—the law relative to their jurisdiction, and its exercise in reference to prosecutions, &c., in criminal cases, and to suits and their proceedings, with their incidents in civil cases; and comprising precedents and forms; in two volumes. Vol. 1, Criminal Jurisdiction; vol. 2, Civil Jurisdiction. "Exchequer Reports, Vol. vii."—Reports of cases argued and determined in the Courts of Exchequer and Exchequer Chamber vii. Michaelmas Term, 15 Viet. to Trinity Term, 15 Viet., both inclusive, by W. N. Welsby, of the Middle Temple, E. T. Hurlstone, of the Inner Temple, and J. Gordon, of the Middle Temple, with references to the decisions in the American Courts; J. J. Clark Hare, editor. "Flanders on Shipping," a treatise on the Law of Shipping, by Henry Flanders, author of "A Treatise on Maritime Law."

T. Edwood Chapman publishes "The Life and Religious Labours of John Cornly," 8vo., 644 pp.

Weik & Wieck's list for the month comprises F. A. Ahn's "New Practical and Easy Method." Part 1. "Marie Stuart" with notes by Oehlschlaeger. "The Painter of Animals," Nos. 5 to 9. "Painting Studies of Birds," Nos. 1 to 6. "Picturesque Journey," Nos. 1 to 6. "Studies in Landscape Painting," Nos. 1 to 6. "Will you not tell us some Pretty Stories?" 4to.

Joseph Swift, Charles Henry Fisher, Peirce Butler, and other gentlemen of this city, have purchased the old Hunting Park course, forty-four acres in extent, and are about to present it to the public for a park. This act of noble munificence will, doubtless, lead to others, for an irrepressible disposition for acts of great liberality and philanthropy is eminently characteristic of Americans. In its demonstrations, however, it has too often shown the want of cultivation and elevation; and herein have the superior and the wealthy classes been derelict to the principles of duty; for, instead of directing the social amusements and pursuits of the masses, who in the nature of things cannot raise themselves beyond the demands of daily want, and who have not thought, for they have not yet been led to feel aright—these, I say, have, with a puritanical and pharisaical self-righteousness, practically said—Go, brutes, and get drunk; for you are fit for nothing else! And the desolate tracts of our cities, steaming with greasy filth and slime—without one solitary tree to tell the poor man that there is a good

God who lives—without one single object of beauty to strike the eye, that ignorance might feel there are beneficent men who labor to mitigate the sorrow and misery which are the lot of all—contain a population, in which to all the vices of savage life are added the diseases of civilization. The rum bottle will be the poor man's fountain, until one more beautiful be placed before his door; not away from it, where others live with whom he has no fellowship; inebriety will be his joyous relief from carking cares, until the forms of beauty penetrate his soul and wake to life the social qualities which yield a greater joy—the blow will be his only argument, till intelligence furnish him a better. The Anglo-Saxon's brutality is the result of ignorance alone, and as he, when ignorant, is more brutal than those of any other race, when cultivated, he is superior to all. The great characteristic of the race is the strong feeling of individual independence, a quality none but it possesses; trench not on that, and he may be controlled—disregard it, and he is fierce and unyielding. A despotic reformer, temperance or other, cannot approach him; the christian teacher, who comes to fetter his mind with the bonds of superstition, cannot ensnare him. Let us, then, give praise to these generous men who have entered on the true and rational mission—who have given the poor man a garden where, amid the beauties of nature, he may forget the world and the world's griefs.

How, in the name of Chronos, did that very good anecdote of Pope "the satirical little poet," as they call him, to avoid possibility of error, which appears in Harper for this month, page 425, get into the editor's drawer? It brings Pope to London in 1774, a date prior to the anecdote, whereas, the satirical little poet died in 1744. It matches the good fellow's story, who, going with his scythe on his arm to mow a piece of meadow some distance off, startled a deer. Throwing his scythe away, and giving chase, he caught it in a mile, and cutting its throat, dragged it home. "How could you catch a deer in a mile?" said some one. "Why," replied he, "there was a three foot snow on the ground, with a hard crust on it. I ran on the top—the deer broke through; the thing worried along slowly, so I caught him." "But you were going to cut grass!" was the rejoinder; "how was that?" "Well," says he, scratching his head, "I reckon I've somehow got parts of two stories together." Go, thou Harper man, and do likewise; for there was one Pope, a player fellow, who flourished at the time you speak of. And the Putnam man must look into dictionaries, and study out the meaning of the word *repudiation*, which he uses in No. 8, for August, page 221, in a notice of Boardman's Bible in the Counting House; where he says, "If these lectures had been delivered to the Philadelphians a few years earlier, perhaps the repudiation of Pennsylvania might not have left a stain upon our national character." Independent of its want of originality, it lacks force, which cannot exist, except when based upon the exactest truth. Putnam's Monthly is a thing for us all to be proud of, or else what bears the appearance of slovenly negligence, or sectional feeling, might pass unnoticed.

The next Philadelphia Trade Sale will commence on the 22d instant, by M. Thomas and Sons. Great preparations have been made. The quantity of books is far greater

than at any previous one; and more than all, those enterprising gentlemen will have finished and will use the new building in Fourth, above Walnut Street, which they have erected to accommodate the business. The structure is built in the most substantial and convenient manner, is forty odd feet front, and two hundred in depth, five stories in height, and is adorned with a plain but elegant brown stone front.

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Oh, Mr. Faraday, simple Mr. Faraday!  
Men of learning, who, at least, should better  
know, you'd think,  
Credit a pack of odd tales of images that nod,  
Openly profess belief that certain pictures  
wink,  
That saints have sailed on cloaks, and without  
the slightest hoax,  
In the dark, by miracle, not like stale fish,  
did shine,  
Nor phosphorous, that slowly, might, in per-  
sonages holy—  
As in others, possibly with oxygen combine.

Oh, Mr. Faraday, simple Mr. Faraday!  
Guided by the steady light which Mr. Bacon  
lit,  
You naturally stare, seeing that so many are  
Following whither fraudulent Jack-with-the-  
lanterns flit.  
Of scientific lore, though you have an ample  
store,  
Gotten by experiments, in one respect you  
lack;  
Society's weak side, whereupon you none have  
tried,  
Being all Philosopher, and nothing of a  
Quack.  
—(Punch.)

#### NAPOLEON ANECDOTES.

[From the *Athenæum* notice of the History of the Cap-  
tivity of Napoleon, from the Sir Hudson Lowe Letters  
and Journals.]

THE first interview with Napoleon, as de-  
scribed by Sir Hudson in his Despatches, is  
well told; and we think it shows that the  
deposed emperor was a character with whom  
a British officer could have had very pleasant  
intercourse:—

"Had my first interview with him at four  
o'clock in the afternoon; was accompanied  
to his house by Rear-Admiral Sir George  
Cockburn. General Bertrand received us in  
his dining-room, serving as an ante-chamber,  
and instantly afterwards ushered me into an  
inner room, where I found him standing hav-  
ing his hat in his hand. Not addressing me  
when I came in, but apparently waiting for  
me to speak to him, I broke silence by say-  
ing, 'I am come, Sir, to present my respects  
to you.'—'You speak French, Sir, I perceive;  
but you also speak Italian. You once com-  
manded a regiment of Corsicans.' I replied,  
the language was alike to me. 'We will  
speak, then, in Italian,' he said; and imme-  
diately commenced in that language a con-  
versation which lasted about half an hour,  
the purport of which was principally as fol-  
lows: He first asked me where I had served  
—how I liked the Corsicans.—'They carry  
the stiletto: are they not a bad people?'  
looking at me very significantly for an an-  
swer. My reply was, 'They do not carry  
the stiletto, having abandoned that custom  
in our service; they have always conducted  
themselves with propriety. I was very well  
satisfied with them.' He asked me if I had  
not been in Egypt with them; and, on my  
replying in the affirmative, entered into a long  
discussion respecting that country.—'Menou  
was a weak man. If Kleber had been there,  
you would have been all made prisoners.'  
He then passed in review all our operations  
in that country, with which he seemed as  
well acquainted as if he had himself been  
there; blamed Abercrombie for not landing  
sooner, or, if he could not land sooner, not  
proceeding to another point; Moore, with  
his 6000 men, should have been all destroyed;  
they had shown themselves good generals,  
however, and merited success from their  
boldness and valor. He asked me if I knew

Hutchinson—whether it was the same that  
had been arrested at Paris. To which a re-  
ply was, of course, given in the negative.  
His question on this point betrayed great  
interest. The subject of Egypt was again  
resumed. It was the most important geo-  
graphical point in the world, and had always  
been considered so. He had reconnoitred  
the line of the canal across the Isthmus of  
Suez; he had calculated the expense of it  
at ten or twelve millions of livres.—'Half a  
million sterling,' he said, to make me under-  
stand more clearly the probable cost of it:  
that, a powerful colony being established  
there, it would have been impossible for us  
to have preserved our empire in India. He  
then fell again to rallying at Menou; and  
concluded with the following remark, which  
he pronounced in a very serious manner:—  
'In war the game is always with him who  
commits the fewest faults.' It struck me as  
if he was reproaching himself with some  
great error. He then asked me some fur-  
ther questions regarding myself—whether I  
was not married?—if I had not become so  
shortly before my leaving England?—how I  
liked St. Helena? I replied I had not been  
a sufficient time here to form a judgment  
upon it. 'Ah, you have your wife; you are  
well off!' After a short pause, he asked  
how many years I had been in the service?  
—'Twenty-eight,' I replied.—'I am, there-  
fore, an older soldier than you,' he said.—'Of  
which history will make mention in a very  
different manner,' I answered. He smiled,  
but said nothing. I proceeded immediately  
afterwards to take my leave, asking permis-  
sion to present to him two officers of my suite,  
Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Reade and  
Major Gorrequer, who had accompanied me,  
to which he assented. He spoke little to  
them, but, as we were going away, turned to  
me and said, 'You are settling your affairs  
with the Catholics, I see; it is well done.  
The Pope has made concessions, and  
smoothed the way to you.' Thus the inter-  
view terminated."

The following is very interesting, and is  
one of the most authentic pictures of the  
*manière d'être* of Napoleon at St. Helena.  
Sir Hudson writes:—

"Having received an intimation from  
Captain Poppleton, the orderly officer at-  
tached to Longwood House, that General  
Bonaparte had not been visible the day be-  
fore, but that either he or Dr. O'Meara would  
certainly endeavor to see him in the course  
of that evening, to be enabled to make his  
report as usual to me, I immediately repaired  
to Longwood, in order to prevent any un-  
pleasant intrusion on him, however warranted  
by the instructions given to the orderly  
officer, which require that he should either  
see General Bonaparte twice during the day,  
or ascertain his being on the spot, and report  
accordingly. I met General Montholon at  
the door of the house, asked how General  
Bonaparte was, and, on being told he was  
indisposed and suffering, said I wished to  
offer him the assistance of a medical officer,  
but begged him to wait on General Bona-  
parte and acquaint him I was there, imagin-  
ing, as it was after four o'clock, when he  
usually received people, he would probably  
receive me. General Montholon went in,  
and returned shortly afterwards, saying Gen-  
eral Bonaparte would see me. I passed  
through his dining-room, drawing-room,  
another room in which were displayed a  
great number of maps and plans laid out on

a table, and several loose quires of writings,  
apparently memoirs and extracts, and was  
then introduced into an inner apartment,  
with a small bed in it and a couch, on which  
latter Bonaparte was reclining, having only  
his dressing-gown on, and without his shoes.  
He raised himself up a little as I entered the  
room, and, pointing out a chair to me close  
to the couch, desired I would sit down. I  
seated myself, and commenced the conver-  
sation by saying I was sorry to hear he was  
suffering from indisposition, and had come  
to offer him the assistance of a medical offi-  
cer of respectability, who had come out with  
me from England, that he might have the  
benefit of his advice, as well as that of Dr.  
O'Meara, should he require it. 'I want no  
doctors,' was his reply. He then, after some  
indifferent questions, asked me whether the  
wife of Sir George Bingham had arrived? She  
had not arrived, I replied; and I had  
reason to regret on another account the  
Adamant, transport, had not yet come in, as  
she was laden with several articles that might  
be useful to him, such as wines, clothes,  
furniture, &c. He said it was all owing to  
the want of a chronometer; that it was a  
miserable piece of economy on the part of  
our Admiralty not to give every vessel above  
200 tons a chronometer—he had caused it  
to be done in France; that, exclusive of the  
value of the ship, the lives of the persons  
in it merited that consideration. I said they  
were not vessels employed under the direc-  
tion of the Admiralty, but of another board.  
This made no difference, he said. After  
some other general and unimportant ques-  
tions, a short interval of silence ensued. He  
lay reclined on his couch, his eyes cast  
down, apparently suffering a good deal from  
an oppression in his breathing (which had  
been particularly observable, so as to cause  
an occasional interruption to his voice whilst  
in discourse), and his countenance unusually  
sallow, and even bloated. He recovered  
himself after a little while to ask me what  
was the situation of affairs in France at the  
time I left Europe? I said, every thing, I  
believed, was settled there. 'Beauchamp's  
Campaign of 1814' was lying on the floor  
near him. He asked me if it was me who  
had written the letters referred to in the  
Appendix to his work. I replied, 'Yes.' 'I  
recollect Marshal Blücher at Lübeck,' he  
said; 'is he not very old?' 'Seventy-five  
years,' I replied, 'but still vigorous, support-  
ing himself on horseback for sixteen hours  
in the day, when circumstances render it  
necessary.' He sat reflecting for a few mo-  
ments without any observation. He re-  
sumed: 'The allies have made a convention  
declaring me their prisoner: what do they  
mean? They have not authority to do so  
(*ni en droit ni en fait*). I wish you to write  
to your Government, and acquaint it I shall  
protest against it. I gave myself up to  
England, and to no other power. It is an  
act of the British parliament alone which can  
warrant the proceedings against me. I have  
been treated in a cruel manner. I misunder-  
stood the character of the English people.  
I should have surrendered myself to the  
Emperor of Russia, who was my friend, or  
to the Emperor of Austria, who was related  
to me. There is courage in putting a man  
to death, but it is an act of cowardice to let  
him languish, and to poison him in so horrid  
an island and in so detestable a climate.' I  
said the island of St. Helena had never been  
regarded in that light; that, except so far as

related to the precautions necessary for his personal security, it had been the desire of the British Government to render his situation as comfortable as possible; that the house, furniture, and effects of every kind coming out for his use, certainly indicated as much regard as it was possible to show him, consistent with the main object for which this place had been selected. 'Let them send me a coffin; a couple of balls in the head is all that is necessary. What does it signify to me whether I lie on a velvet couch or on fustian. I am a soldier, and accustomed to every thing. I have been landed here like a convict, and proclamations forbid the inhabitants to speak to me,'—attributing a great deal of all this to the admiral; but concluded with saying, 'It is not that the admiral is a bad man.' The conversation then turned on the localities of Longwood House. He inveighed bitterly against it; said he was excluded from all communication with the inhabitants; that many persons in the town would willingly come to see him, but that they were afraid to ask for passes; that he had no trees about him; that this alone rendered the spot detestable; that he could not ride to any extent; that he wished to have a greater range for his exercise without being accompanied by an officer; that unless I gave him a greater range I could do nothing for him. I told him the range of Longwood was greater than any other piece of ground on the island. He said, perhaps so; but that there was the camp on part of it. He did not want to see the camp always; he could not ride where that was; he wished the people of the island might be allowed to come and see him. He recurred frequently to the hardship there was in depriving him of all intercourse with them. His addresses to me on this point were humble and artful. They obtained no assent from me. He spoke of my having insisted on seeing his servants; that it was a strange thing to interfere between a man and his *valet de chambre*; that personally seeing and examining the servants after having received their declaration, was as much as to say, 'in good French, that they had lied.' I told him 'it was Count Bertrand's fault. I had pointed out to him the way in which I had intended to receive their declaration; he wished it to be otherwise, but I had insisted on receiving it in the manner I had indicated.' 'Ah! this is now over,' he replied. He said he would recommend to the four who had signed their declaration to leave him whenever he found his situation more precisely defined, and should make application for their being permitted to do so. He said, 'repeat every thing I have mentioned to you to your Government. I wish them to know my sentiments.' On going away, I again offered him medical assistance. 'I want no doctors,' he replied. These were the last words he addressed to me."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1853.

GENTLEMEN,—

The closed houses and dusty steps, the tarnished bell-pulls and pervading quiet, betoken the periodical exodus of the chosen children of fortune, who now desert the avenues which at other seasons those gay thousands throng. How melancholy he who remains in such oppressive silence—who, in lonely chambers, wasting with the

fervid heat, seeks relief in cooler strolls at night, startled perhaps at some solitary foot-fall, shaking his unstrung nerves; or feeding his wretchedness in gloomy communion with brethren in affliction. The tale of the deserted village haunts him, but soothes not—all that memory has stored of tropic heats and burning sands, come, unbidden guests, and bear him most unwelcome company. At last, filled with despair, and converted to the Plutonic theory, that the globe is one mass of melted rock, covered with a thin shell whereon man rears his mighty monuments, and through which the tidal lava, for ever breaking, floods the earth—now here, now there—he is driven affrighted to some mountain wild. A happy fate may send the bachelor to the Mansion House at Mount Carbon, kept by the Heads, of famous memory. There, as when here, their delicate cookery might create an appetite under the ribs of death; he finds it in the wild rides, which in every direction, afford fine views; and in the beautiful park, fairy children and angelic women lift him above all earthly thought, and make him conscious,—rare thought with him,—of possessing in reality a soul. Or, threading the romantic valley of the Tumbling Run, what glorious landscapes break upon the eye; a narrow wall, with a mountain on either side; the stream twice obstructed by stupendous barriers, forming great lakes to feed in thirsty times the canal, which beginning there ends at Fairmount; or further yet, to reach the mountain-top, and there behold the great coal-field spread below, with its busy towns and its exhaustless treasures hid within its bosom. And then fair hands may twine wreaths of fern with crimson leaves. How sweet the women look, so crowned, with the glow of health upon the cheek, and pleasure in the eye. They crown the happy swain, who, from a rock, vainly essays to give expression to the glorious thoughts which fill his mind—it matters not, for all are kind, and comprehend what should be said, where none are of "the strong-minded." Ah, what power has a natural and simple hearted woman,—(how hateful the word *lady* is)—to elevate and strengthen that forlorn and miserable segment of humanity, a bachelor! He is refreshed with the gushing fountain of their pure and innocent thought and feeling—he drinks of that cup which intoxicates but not inebriates—he treads the earth with a prouder consciousness, for he feels that he is not cut off from his kind—his delirium is ecstatic—and when at last the scene must change, bursting the fetters which bind him to the place, the gloom of mental midnight gathering round, consolation is sought and found in the hope that these may meet again. That feeble man and those strong women, rich in the loveliness of generous hearts.

The only droll thing that happened was an Irish girl's attempt to get down hill. She had never previously seen a hilly country, and had some children walking in the park, part of which is more than moderately undulating. It was well enough, going up hill for they hold their feet right for that, but when she attempted to descend, it was quite another thing; her feet would not fit the ground, she tried it forwards and then backwards; even the trees afforded no aid—it was truly perilous; she stumbled, and, at last bewildered—she gave it up, and then rolled down.

Last month departed this life Colonel

John Price Wetherill, who, whether we view him as a business man, as a public character, or as a remarkable specimen of the genus homo, was certainly one of the most notable of either or of all these, our city has ever produced. The strong and toned expressions of the public journalists, who found in his career so much to dwell upon and to commend; the multitudes who filled the streets around his house to honour his poor remains, and the voice of all who knew him, are a surety, that, in speaking of his peculiarities, I will not be misunderstood. And, too, no one enjoyed more heartily than did he, the relation of anecdotes whose piquancy arose from his own strange ways. Inheriting a great estate, Mr. Wetherill was yet all his life at the head of one of the most extensive establishments in the country; always up at such unchristian hours, that it was much doubted that he slept at all, he was, notwithstanding, every night somewhere. He gave attention to his multitudinous affairs; but business seemed a joke with him, he had so odd a way of managing it. For twenty-five years he was connected with the Corporation, as a member of the City Council; every society numbered him among its members, and he was always present at their meetings, the same peculiarity in his manner displaying itself. But it was in appearance and habits that he was most noted. A very small figure, with a thin face, on which the black beard always appeared, exactly of ten days' growth; a shocking bad hat and clothes to match, with boots innocent of Ethiopian acquaintance, made up the outer man. In time, even the horse and waggon he used, came to resemble him in their appearance. It was not that the tailor refused his adorning aid, for no one incurred more expense in dress than he; but from a curious disregard he would at fabulous morning hours go to his factory, arrayed in the garb which had disguised him at some festivities the night before, and the more conveniently to inspect the chemical operations, would throw coat and hat upon the ground, and then in a manner roll about, looking curiously under the furnaces where they cook the lead, to see that all was right. This done, he would shake them off and wear them, it is said, till the next occasion rendered necessary a visit to his tailor. Some years ago, when tailors had a fashion of putting frogs instead of buttons, on coats, one came so ornamented for him. He got into the street with it on, and then perceiving the nondescript, deliberately, with his large and useful knife, removed them, but not so expertly as to avoid portions of the cloth accompanying them. Many were the strange mistakes arising from the causes above set forth. On one occasion, looking at a house building for him, the bricklayer called him over, and asked him if he wanted to make a shilling, by assisting to remove a plank; it being declined, the jolly workman with great contempt said "You look as though you couldn't earn your salt." At another time returning home, after an absence of several days, a new waiter answered the bell, and upon Wetherill attempting to go in, he placed himself across the doorway, saying, "We don't let such looking fellows as you in the house." It was at this time, the night of his return, that at a large party, some one calling his attention, pretended to read from a paper an article somewhat in this wise: "The friends of Mr. Wetherill, chairman of



jostling and jumbling, such pushing and panting, such crowding, such stumbling, so much good nature, and so many hard words. Here was a man rolling along a barrel of flour, without regard to the tender feet of passengers; there another, lifting a whole hind quarter of beef into a cart. Now I saw a pair of drovers discussing the merits of their respective cattle; and then an honest bargeman taking his dinner, and flirting with the huckster's pretty daughter. Human nature in every phase presented itself, from the poor beggar, who asked alms of the poor apple-woman, to the rich merchant who had taken his way through the market to save time. At length, however, I emerged from this scene of confusion, and found myself once more in the open street.

By this time, it had grown quite dark, and the lamp-lighters were already at work. It had begun to rain, and the aspect of the heavens gave token of a regular north-easterly storm; so I buttoned up my overcoat, which I had unloosened in the market, and pulling my cap well over my ears, wended my way along the street already mentioned, determined to see a little more before going home. My attention was soon attracted by a bright light which issued from out an open door, and, on approaching, I found that it proceeded from a large furnace, by the side of which some men were engaged in hammering a huge piece of iron, which was white with heat. I remained and watched them as they worked, while, with the sleeves of their red shirts rolled up, and leathern aprons around their waists, they dealt prodigious blows upon the glowing mass before them, which, at every stroke, sent forth myriads of sparks, and enveloped them in a fiery shower. I was reminded, as I gazed upon the scene, of old Vulcan, with his brawny Cyclopean workmen, engaged in forging the thunder bolts of Olympian Jove, and as, one by one, the beautiful incidents of the *Aeneid* passed through my mind, I felt a sincere sorrow that school-days were over, and that the business of life would no longer permit me to fight by the side of the "Pius Aeneas," or weep with "Infelix Dido." I continued thus looking on till the iron was quite dark, and emitted no more sparks, when I resumed my walk along the comparatively abandoned thoroughfare.

It now rained quite hard, and the wind drove the drops with such force, that they fell upon my face like hailstones. Almost every one had gone home, and save now and then a party of laborers, or an errand boy, the street was deserted. As I passed by a corner, I saw an old man closing up his bookstall for the night. He looked wet and weary, and I thought to myself that it was indeed hard for one like him to be exposed to such a storm, so I stopped and bought a book of him; and, having said a few cheering words, passed on. Being by this time rather wet, and feeling cold and chilly, I concluded to take advantage of the first house of refreshment I should meet, to provide myself with a glass of "something hot," and a light for my cigar, after which I intended to go home. I trudged along, therefore, looking anxiously for some place where I might obtain that which I stood in need of, and so finish a very pleasant, and to my mind not uninteresting, stroll. But for the present, I saw no prospect of accomplishing my object: no lights were visible, save those allowed by the "Custodes Urbis;"

and the blocks of stores and warehouses, with their iron shutters and massive bolts, reared themselves up in the darkness, like so many monuments to mammon, and presented but a cheerless prospect for the wayfarer.

There they stood in the dismal night, wrapt in silence, and apparently deserted for ever. How different their situation but a few hours before! Then they swarmed with life and activity; clerks sat at their desks within, and toiled away ceaselessly—and perhaps many a man, whose pen was capable of better things, had all day long copied accounts into the ledger, as poor Lamb did at the India House. Porters and cartmen had been busy from an early hour, bringing in and taking away goods; merchandize had been bought and sold, and some of the merchants had made great bargains. Many a rich man had gone home richer at night, and many a poor man had left these stores poorer than in the morning. But now, the tide of life, which all day long flowed through these buildings, had ebbed—every one had gone home, from the wealthy proprietors of the firms, to the poor porters, worn out with the day's labour, and nothing remained behind, save the rats and mice, who made sad havoc among those things at all edible, and scampered fearlessly about over desks and tables, and played "hide-and-go-seek" among the "pigeon holes," sacred to the letters of the head partners. As I thought of these things, I was strongly reminded of old Scrooge's counting-house, as he sat there on that Christmas Eve, scolding his half-frozen clerk when about to put a few coals on the already dying fire, whose solitary remaining spark, like the hectic spot upon a poor consumptive's cheek, gave sure token of speedy dissolution. But I doubted much whether these men of business, like old Scrooge, would change their mode of life, and learn to live for others as well as themselves. The firm of Dombey & Son next occurred to me, and I saw in my mind's eye, Mr. Carker, with his row of white teeth, engaged in talking deferentially with the man he was about to ruin; while the "Colossus of Commerce," as the Major called him, received his homage as but a just and natural tribute to his greatness. Then, too, appeared old "Edward Cuttle, mariner of England," smoking his pipe in Sol. Gill's little back parlor, engaged in discussing with the uncle the probability of Waller's return, and endeavoring to prove to him, by the aid of a chart, that his "nevy wa'n't drowned." I bestowed a thought, too, on poor Bunsby, as with memory's aid I saw him led along to church by the heroic landlady of "Brig place," casting imploring looks towards Cap'n Cuttle, and vainly signing to him at least to attempt his rescue. But, no! the veteran mariner had been too often shipwrecked by domestic storms to brave them again, and the wretched commander of the "Cautious Clara" was forced to the altar and compelled, by virtue of a stronger mind, to become the father-in-law of Alexander Macstinger.

While thus engaged in calling to mind some of those "heart-scenes" which have been so eloquently and touchingly described by Charles Dickens, I had been unconsciously walking onward; so that by the time I had mentally reached the church, where the unfortunate "John" was sacrificed, I was aroused from my reverie by a bright light, which was streaming across the pavement, illuminating its wet surface, and displaying

to view the drenched awnings and dripping signs which had been left exposed to the storm. I soon found that the light came from the window of a house, and on walking a few steps further, discovered, to my great satisfaction, that a tavern was nigh at hand where I could obtain all that I desired. Before entering, however, I took a survey of the outside, which, in my opinion, was well worth observing. The house was evidently of Dutch architecture, as the style of the bricks and building plainly indicated. It was two stories high, and of such an antiquated appearance, that it reminded me strongly of Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York," and I began to wonder whether Wouter Van Twiller, "the doubter," or William "the Testy" had ever spent an evening, or, at least, part of one, within its walls; for people in those days, you must know, went to bed much earlier than they do now. It certainly was a striking instance of the fact, that some old buildings do still exist, and retain their original localities and names, in spite of all the "modern improvements." This was eminently so in the present instance; for here stood this little, old-fashioned house, right in the middle of a fine block of stores, encased on each side by buildings of immense size, which looked down frowningly upon it, and appeared as if anxious to squeeze it to death between them, in order that its venerable appearance might not remind them of their mushroom-like growth. There are some people in this world who would like to get rid of others, for reasons similar to those which, doubtless, caused these tall, fresh-looking houses to cherish such a feeling of animosity towards their humble, though reproachful-looking, neighbor.

The window was filled with objects, which I deemed peculiarly appropriate, considering the character of the house. A miniature man-of-war, with her sails all furled, occupied the centre, while on either side was placed a couple of marine shells, of great beauty. Three lemons, in wine-glasses, fronted the middle pane, and, opposite the others, stood tumblers filled with segars. From the frame-work were suspended bundles of pipes, tied together in the most fantastic manner, and, to complete the arrangement, a well-filled decanter was posted at each end of the man-of-war. The meaning of these objects was so plain, that "he who ran might read," while the way in which they were disposed was calculated to attract and fascinate the passers-by. Just over the door, suspended from an horizontal bar of iron, swung a storm seasoned sign, which creaked upon its hinges with a mournful sound, as if warning the foot-passengers to take refuge from the weather; and the representation of an anchor, firmly imbedded in the ground, with the word "lodgings" underneath it, told at once the name of the tavern, and gave sure indications that a bed, as well as refreshments, could be procured. Having made these few observations, I entered, and was not at all surprised by the air of comfort which prevailed within, since the outside had prepared me to expect something of the sort.

As soon as I made my appearance, the landlord drew up a chair near the chimney, and asked me to be seated, at the same time desiring to know whether I would take "anything warm." I replied in the affirmative, and, having placed myself in a comfortable

arm chair, proceeded to examine the apartment and its inmates. The room was spacious, and one portion of it was taken up by a counter, which ran from end to end, and was to be entered only by a gate in the centre. Behind this, upon a set of shelves, was placed a multiplicity of articles, whose appearance sufficiently indicated their use. Here were rows of cheerful-looking lemons, there a regiment of corpulent bottles, whose red-sealed corks were no bad satire on the effects their contents were likely to produce. At one time, the eye fell upon boxes of segars and papers of tobacco, amid which clay pipes were distributed in the most fantastic order; at another, it was regaled with the sight of a pyramid of wine-glasses, flanked by a stout-looking body of tumblers. In fact, the shelves were arranged after such a grotesque fashion, that one would have imagined it impossible for their owner to make any use of the things placed on them, without creating endless confusion, and incurring great risk of breaking them.

The publican, however, moved about the bar with perfect *nonchalance*, taking down and putting up the various objects, as occasion required, without seeming to anticipate any such fatal result. The other side of the room was occupied by a large fire-place, which was crowned by a mantel-piece, ornamented with Dutch tiles, representing the history of the "Prodigal Son." Between the huge jams, upon two old-fashioned hand-irons, were piled great logs of wood, which blazed and crackled, and sent forth such a cheerful light, that it was a marvel to me how any one who had ever seen a fire like this could afterwards endure stoves and anthracite. On the back wall were four colored engravings, representing naval engagements, and from a nail driven into the chimney depended an oil-painting of an ancient date, intended to portray a storm at sea. It was a good picture, although so darkened by time that some parts of it could scarcely be made out. The floor was sanded, and around the room was placed a number of apoplectic-looking chairs, which held out their arms as if waiting to embrace you. On one side stood a table, upon which lay a set of dominoes and a well-fingered newspaper, thus showing that those who resorted here took delight in reading the news of the day as well as in playing games of chance. The room, furniture, proprietor, and inmates were all in perfect keeping with each other, and served at once to put a man completely at his ease. He saw that he was welcome, and straightway made himself at home, while, in one corner, an antique old clock, with its pictured dial, ticked away solemnly in its mahogany case, and contributed, by its family-like aspect and domestic sound, to keep up the illusion.

There were three persons in the room, besides the landlord and myself, all of whom were sailors, as was evident from their dress and language; and, indeed, the master of the house had himself been at sea, as I afterwards discovered; but having lost one leg in an encounter with a whale, he returned home. After having scraped together all his hard earnings, which, with the little Dutch house, left to him in a friend's will, had enabled him to set up this "Seaman's Retreat."

He was a compact, square-shouldered looking man, of middle height, and apparently about forty years of age, with an open countenance, and clear, twinkling, grey eyes,

which darted their glances here and there, appearing to take in everything at a single look. As he walked about the room, with his wooden leg, and that rolling gait which time had not yet cured him of, he looked like the very personification of a jolly old English sea captain on "half-pay." He wore a pair of pantaloons with the same broad bottoms which had captivated his youthful fancy, and his white shirt with its rolling collar, and loose, black neckcloth, bore testimony of his fidelity to his "first love." His hair was of a greyish brown, and a bushy beard and whiskers, which he allowed to grow, added to his marine aspect. He was altogether such a looking man as one would wish to sail with if he were going to sea. The other three were dressed in blue trousers and blue jackets, with brass buttons, and they each had on a red flannel shirt, a black cravat, and a tarpaulin. Two of them were about twenty-five years of age; but the third was much older, as one might see by his appearance, and the deference which his companions paid to all he said. Their sunburnt and weather-beaten countenances suggested that they had but just returned from some long voyage, while the allusions which they made proved that they had been together in the same vessel.

When I entered, they were grouped about the fire-place, smoking their pipes and talking over old times; but as soon as they were aware of my arrival, they made room for me near the fire, and the oldest of the three asked me about the weather, and how the wind was. I told him it rained, and that the wind was north-east; after which I partook of that "warm something" which my host had previously suggested, and having called for and loaded a pipe, commenced to smoke and chat along with them,—the landlord, meanwhile, standing behind his counter, engaged in his own concerns.

The storm still raged violently without, and in the intervals of conversation, I could hear the rain pattering against the window-panes, while every now and then a gust of wind would rush down the chimney, and scatter the sparks and embers over the stone hearth. Presently, I proposed a bowl of punch. This was agreed to, and the punch being placed on a table near at hand, we filled our glasses, reloaded our pipes, and, leaning over the fire, talked about gales and shipwrecks, and other topics congenial to the ocean.

The oldest of the three sailors had been at sea from a child, and had much to say about foreign ports, dreadful storms, and cruel captains. He had served in the United States Navy during the war of 1812, and had a good many anecdotes to tell of Hull, Decatur, and Perry; and when a little warmed up by his theme and the enlivening influence of the punch, he sang to us several capital sea songs which were in vogue at that period, in deep bass voice, which sounded not unlike the roaring of the sea, and almost made the glasses dance upon the table.

Thus the hours glided away unheeded. This old sea-dog had but just finished telling us of a love scrape he had had in the Sandwich Islands, and we were all sitting silently by the fire, smoking our pipes, and watching the flickerings of the blaze, when the old clock in the corner broke in upon the stillness by striking the hour. To my amazement, I counted twelve. I rose to go, drank one parting glass, shook hands all round, and

having wished the mariners a prosperous time on their next voyage, buttoned up my coat, lighted a segar, and went forth into the night.

It still stormed. The rain dropped with a tinkling sound through the tin pipes, and the scene was, indeed, most gloomy. The lamps in the streets stood like tired sentinels on their posts, and the mist upon their glasses caused them to emit but a feeble and uncertain light. I plodded along, however, through wet and darkness, meeting nothing on the way except two or three drowsy watchmen, who were too cold and weary to answer the questions which I put to them concerning my route.

At length, I reached home, and got into a warm and comfortable bed, where I soon fell asleep, and dreamed all night long of lee shores, breakers, and missing vessels. I have since visited the little Dutch house; but never have had such a pleasant time as I did on that rainy, winter's night.

#### TO PROFESSOR FARADAY,

ON HIS ASTONISHMENT AT THE EXTENT OF POPULAR DELUSION WHICH HAS BEEN DISCLOSED BY "TABLE-TURNING."

Oh, Mr. Faraday, simple Mr. Faraday!

Much as you've discovered touching chemie laws and powers,  
Strange that you should, till now, never have discovered how

Many foolish dunces there are in this world of ours!

Nature's veracity, whilst with perspicacity,  
Vigilantly, carefully, you labor to educe,  
Little do you suspect how extremely incor-

rect  
Common observation is, and common sense how loose.

Oh, Mr. Faraday, simple Mr. Faraday!

Did you of enlightenment consider this an age!

Bless your simplicity, deep in electricity,  
But, in social matters, unsophisticated sage!  
Weak Superstition dead; knocked safely on the head,

Long since buried deeper than the bed of the Red Sea,

Did you not fondly fancy? Did you think that necromancy

Practised row at the expense of any fool could be?

Oh, Mr. Faraday, simple Mr. Faraday!

Persons not uneducated,—very highly dressed,—

Fine folks as peer and peeress, go and fee a Yankee seeress,

To evoke their dead relations' spirits from their rest.

Also seek cunning men, feigning, by mesmeric ken,

Missing property to trace, and indicate the thief;

Cure ailments, give predictions: all of these enormous fictions

Are, among our higher classes, matters of belief.

Oh, Mr. Faraday, simple Mr. Faraday!

Past, you probably supposed the days of Dr. Dee,

Up turned his Crystal, though, but a little while ago,

Full of magic visions for genteel small boys to see.

Talk of gentility! see what gullibility  
Fashionable dupes of homoeopathy betray.

Who smallest globules cram with the very biggest flim,

Swallowing both together in the most prodigious way.



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